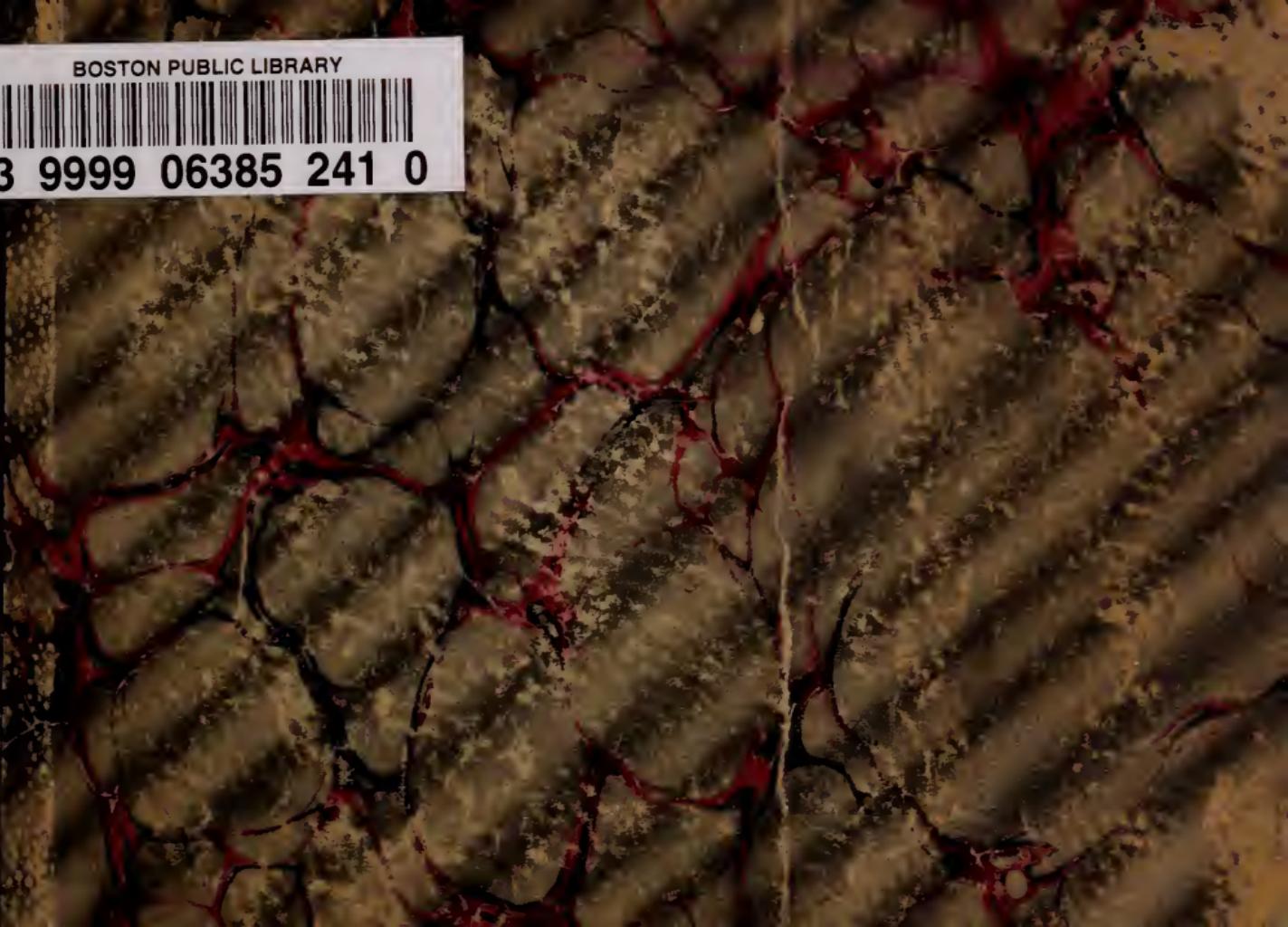


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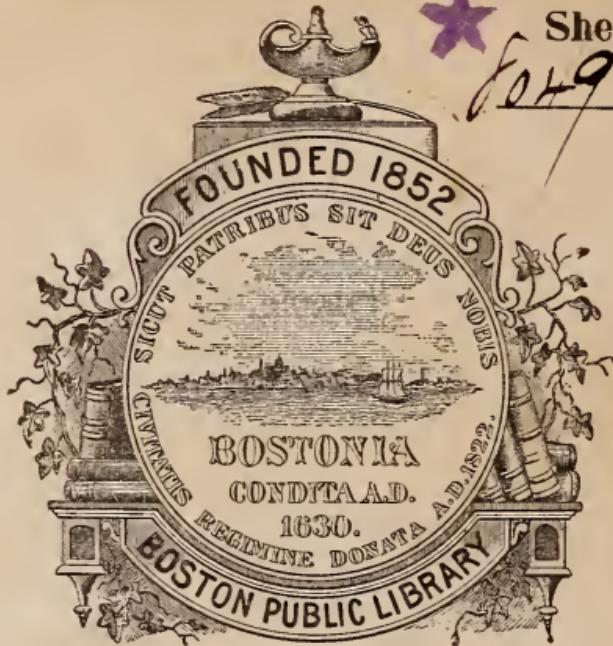
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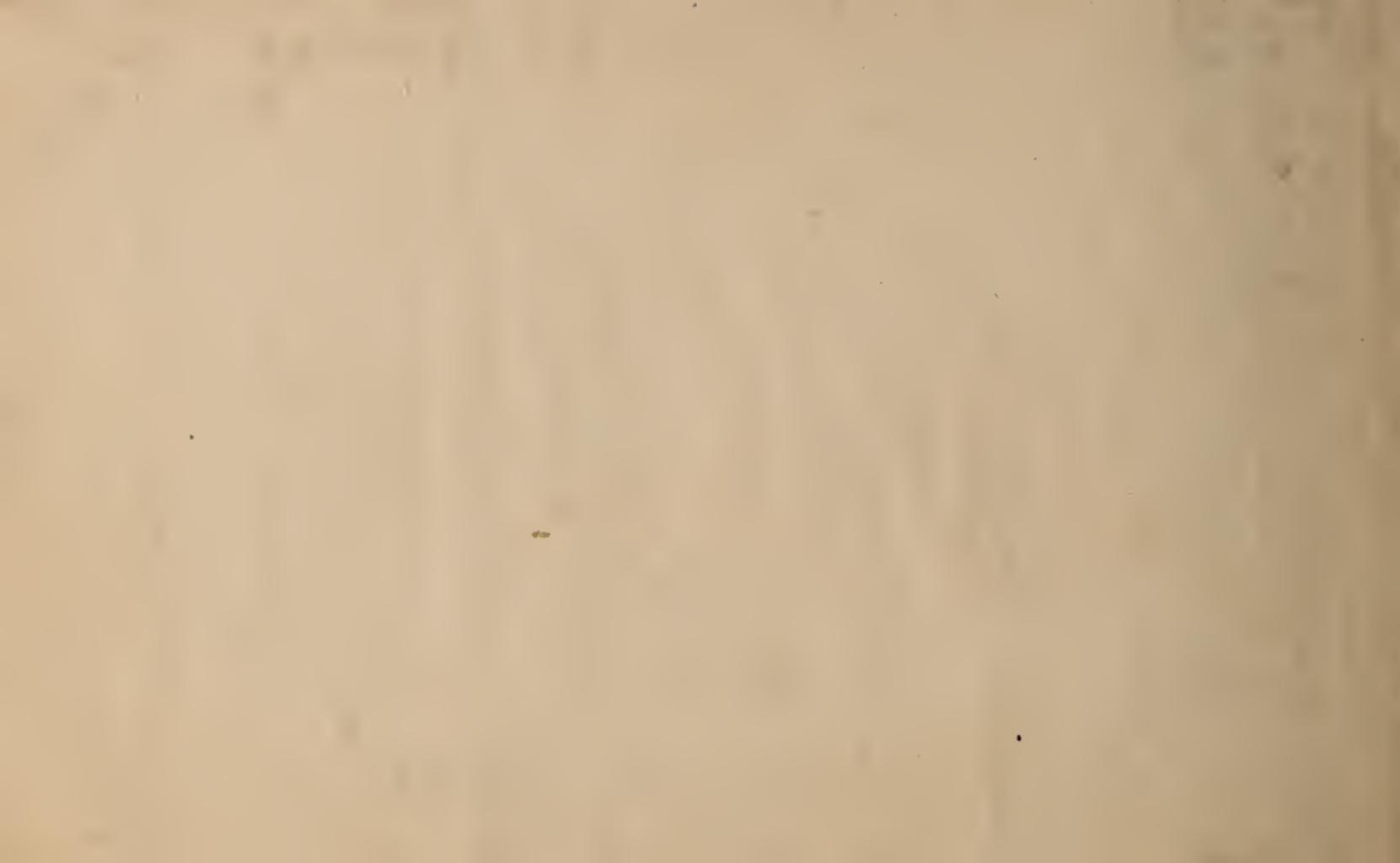
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THE
WASHINGTONIAN HARP,

A COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL SONGS,

ADAPTED TO

FAMILIAR AIRS,

AND ARRANGED TO BE SUNG EITHER AS SOLOS OR CHORUSSES:

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

WASHINGTON TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

BY JAMES H. AIKMAN.

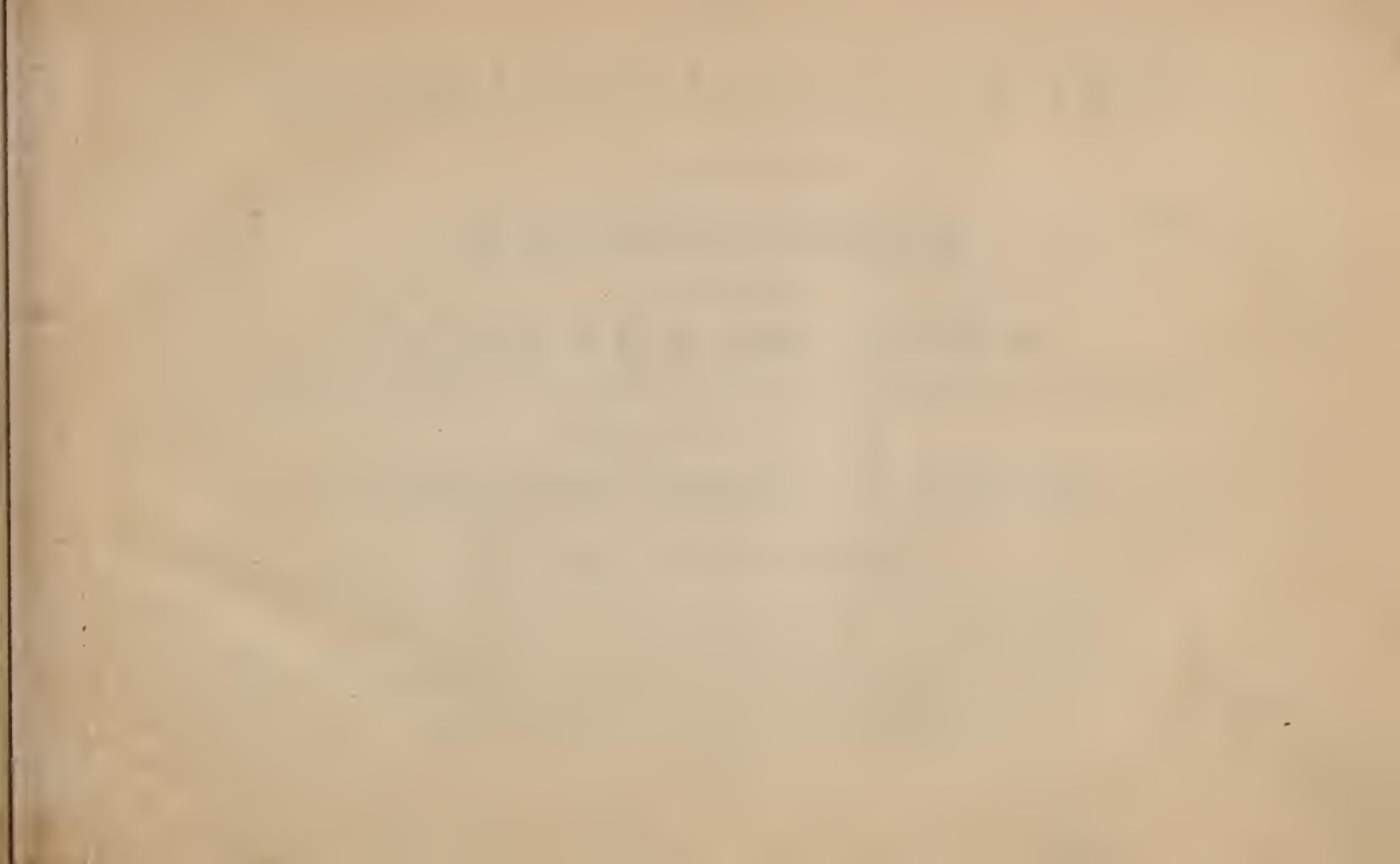
NINTH EDITION.

NEW-YORK :

PUBLISHED BY SAXTON AND MILES, 205 BROADWAY:

BOSTON:—SAXTON AND PEIRCE, 133½ WASHINGTON ST.

1844.



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1844.

B. H.
June 16, 1894. E.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1842, by

WILLIAM G. MOODY,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

WM. G. MOODY,
MUSIC PRINTER,
71 Gold street.

SMITH & WRIGHT,
STEREOTYERS,
74 Fulton street.

PREFACE.

EXPERIENCE has plainly and conclusively shown that singing has been of great benefit to the cause of Temperance. It has added interest to the meetings, whereby greater numbers have been induced to attend, and from a class, who but for this attraction, would have been found in places far different from a Temperance Meeting. The dealers in alcohol have brought to their aid the power of song, and why should we not call upon the Muse and the Lyre to assist us. Singing has become as necessary a part of the exercises at a Temperance Meeting as speaking. The Ladies have most properly been called upon to aid in the advancement of this cause, and in no department of their labors have they been more successful than with their sweet songs, under whose influence many a hard heart has been softened. We have seen the tear course down the care worn, furrowed cheek of the poor inebriate as the sweet tones of woman's voice have "swelled on the listening ear." Such being the facts, the want has long been felt of a suitable collection of songs adapted to well known airs, which may be used with propriety by the Ladies' Societies. Song books without number have been published, but they have not answered the purpose in consequence of not being accompanied with the music, and because of a large number of the songs being entirely unfitted for a choir of Ladies.

In nearly all of the societies, also, there are many Gentlemen who would gladly join with the Ladies and form regular and efficient choirs, had they suitable books. This is more particularly the case in country places, where

P R E F A C E .

many of the tunes which may be well known in the city have never been heard. To supply this deficiency and to give a suitable book, containing a collection of new music, or rather such as has not been used heretofore in temperance meetings, and also an entire collection of new songs, the "Washingtonian Harp" has been published.

Particular attention has been paid to the character of the songs and the music, and for the convenience of choirs, those pieces, the airs only of which have been published have been arranged as chorusses; this has been done expressly for this work. The copyright will therefore extend to the arrangement of all such pieces. No pains have been spared to make the collection such as it should be, and it is sent forth with the full hope and expectation that it will answer the purpose, and contribute to the promotion of good taste, and the advancement of the cause of temperance.

The editor would return thanks for the kind assistance and suggestions of many of his friends, and particularly to Mr. ATWILL of this city, for permission to publish the beautiful air called the "*Carrier Dove.*"

THE

WASHINGTONIAN HARP.

SWEET, OH, SWEET ARE THE SOUNDS.

Words by J. H. A.

Sweet, oh, sweet are the joys.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in bass clef, F major, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are written in a single-line staff. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Sweet, oh, sweet are the sounds That free-dom's daughters raise ; Each mourning heart with

2. Could, oh, could we partake Of heavenly joys be - - low. The strains the sons of

^{1*}

SWEET, OH, SWEET ARE THE SOUNDS. *Continued.*

1. 2. Fine. ♩ Unisons.

rapt - ure bounds To hear those songs of praise. praise. I've of -- ten
Unisons.

sor - row make, Those joys could ne'er be -- stow. stow. I've of -- ten

heard the rapturous strains of love, Swell on the list'ning ear at night, like

heard the boist - rous songs of mirth, And lis - tened to the sweet - est strains to

SWEET, OH, SWEET ARE THE SOUNDS. *Concluded.*

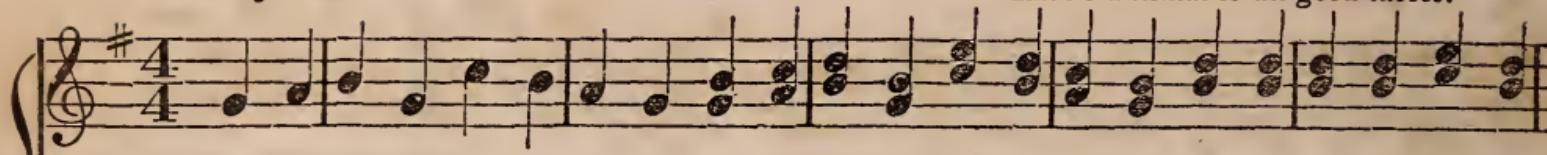
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an - gel notes a -- bove, Still, still I nev - er heard such charm-ing strains as
which the wine gives birth; The most en-chant-ing notes the wine can ev - - er

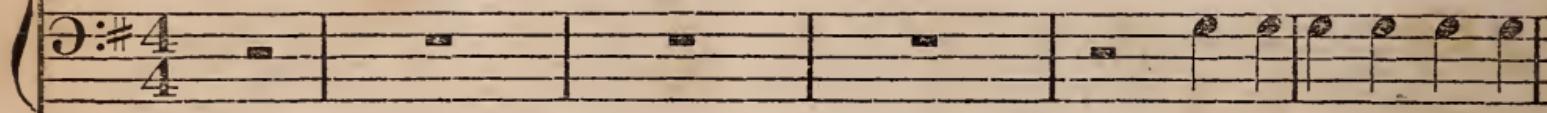
D. C.
these, That e - cho o -- ver hill and dell, borne on each pass - ing breeze.
D. C.
bring, Can nev - er be com - pared with those that free - dom's daughters raise.

LET THE JOYS OF YOUTH APPEARING.

Words by J. H.

Here's a health to all good lasses.

1. Let the joys of youth ap-pear-ing, Let the joys of youth appear - ing, Let the joys of youth ap-



2. Ban-ish eve - ry care and sor-row, Ban - ish eve - ry care and sor-row, Ban - ish eve - ry care and



pear - ing, Let the smiles of beau - ty cheer - ing, Drive the curse of rum a - way; Drive the



sor - row, Though to-day be dark, to - mor - row Joy will gild our path a - gain; Joy will

LET THE JOYS OF YOUTH APPEARING. *Continued.*

9

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The lyrics are written below the notes, corresponding to the vocal parts. The piano accompaniment is indicated by a brace on the left side of the page.

curse of rum a - way. Cheerful sing - - - - -
Cheer-ful sing - ing, Live - ly meas-ure, Voi - ces
gild our path a - gain. Raise your voi - - - - -
Raise your voi - ces Sons and daughters, Earth re -
- - - - - ing,
ring - ing, Joy and pleas-ure, Bring a bright-er hap-pier day. Cheer-ful sing - ing, Live - ly
joi - ces, And the wa - ters Join the hap - py glo - rious strain Raise your voi - ces Sons and

LET THE JOYS OF YOUTH APPEARING. *Continued.*

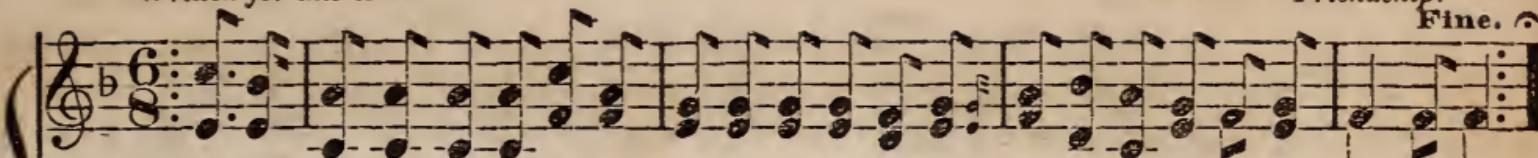
measure, Voi - ces ring - ing, Joy and pleas - ure, Cheerful sing - ing Live - ly measure, Voi-ces
daughters, Earth rejoi - ces, And the wa - ters, Raise your voi - ces Sons and daughters, Earth re-

ring - ing Joy and pleasure, Bring a bright-er hap-pier day, Bring a bright-er hap-pier day.
joi - ces, And the wa-ters Join the hap - py glorious strain, Join the hap-py glorious strain.

OUR NAME.

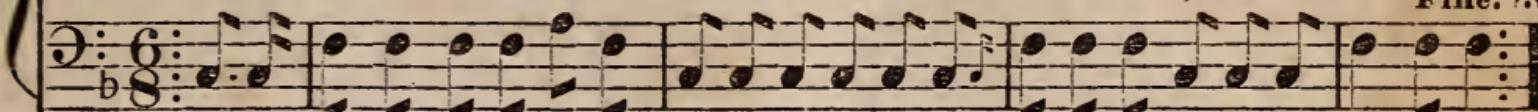
*Written for this work.**Friendship.*

Fine. ♪



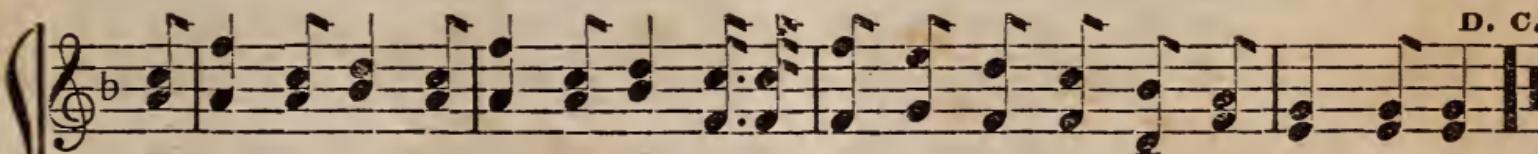
1. When the dark-ness of night o'er our country was lying, And sor-row and gloom filled eve - ry breast
And hearts with deep fervor were si-lent- ly cry-ing To the giv - er of mercies for freedom and rest.
2. While al-cohol's cohorts are fiercely engaging, And waging the warfare 'gainst freedom and right;
And though like the Storm-king the battle is raging, With hearts bold and strong we still rush to the fight.

Fine. ♪



'Mid the clashing of arms, and the war's rude alarms, 'Twas the honored and loved, the brave WASHINGTON.
'When alcohol's banished, his forces all vanished We'll shout then the name of our WASHINGT^NON.

D. C.



One arm a - lone, one voic - e's tone, 'Gainst the foe led our fath - ers, and cheered them on,
That hon - ored name, with loud ac - claim, We hail as a bea - con of hope to the world,

D. C.



MOTHER, DRY THAT FLOWING TEAR.

Words by J. H. A.

Di Tanti Palpiti.

1. Moth-er, dry that flow - ing tear, He for whom thy heart doth fear, Than thy life to

2. Dark the morning's ope - ning hour, Closed as is the ear - ly flower, Yet the sun's bright

thee more dear, Shall burst his chains for ev - er! Though in bond - age long he's lain,

Fine.

beam - ing power, To both is beau - ty bring - ing; So shall temp'rance yet re - store,

'Neath intemp'rance galling chain He shall rise a man a - gain And be conquered nev - er.
D. C.

He whom now thou dost deplore, And thy lov'd one ev - er more, Shall songs of joy be sing- ing.
D. C.

OH SWIFTLY SPEEDS THE CAUSE WE SING.

Tune.—*Bonny Boat.*

1. Oh swiftly speeds the cause we sing,
It spreads from shore to shore,
The mis'ry that intemp'rance brings,
Will soon be felt no more.
But joy will fill each happy heart,
Where only sorrow dwelt,
And from our home will soon depart,
The grief that once was felt.

2. We've left the once familiar place,
Where gather sons of mirth,
For now we know that deep disgrace,
And shame have there their birth.
The pledge, the pledge, we'll ever praise,
And spread its virtues far;
And high above the earth will raise,
That bright, that beacon star.

NOW HASTE WE FRIENDS.

Words by J. H. A.

Behold how brightly breaks the morning.

1. Now haste ye friends, while hope is dawn-ing,
Take af - fection's kind - ly warn - ing,

Leave the wine - - - cup's
Turn ye from - - - the

rud-dy glow; Take heed, take heed, tho' bright the wine, It leaves a deadly sting, A-
path of woe.

Unisons.

NOW HASTE WE FRIENDS.

15

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff shows the vocal line with lyrics: "way, a-way, the pledge now sign, And join the songs we sing: No songs so sweet, so". The middle staff shows the piano accompaniment. The bottom staff shows the vocal line with lyrics: "sweet as those we sing, No songs so sweet, so sweet as those we sing." The music consists of two staves of five-line notation with various note heads and rests, and a bass staff below it.

2. Oh come, the voice of love be heeding,
Take the warning ere too late;
Woman's voice is warmly pleading,
Why not shun the drunkard's fate. *Take heed,*

3. Then join the host who now are fighting,
O'er whom the temp'rance banners wave
And who to victory is lighting
The star of hope, to cheer the brave. *Take heed,*

OUR FLAG.

Words by J. H. A.

Bold.*Carrier Dove.*

1. Fling a - broad its folds to the cool-ing breeze, Let it float at the mast-head high; And
 2. That ban-ner pro-claims to the list - 'ning earth, That the reign of the ty-rant is o'er, The

3. Then on high, on high let that ban-ner wave, And lead us the foe to meet, Let it

Pia.

gath-er a-round, all hearts re-solved, To sus-tain it there or die: An
 gall-ing chain of the mon-ster rum, Shall en-slave man-kind no more: An

float in tri-umph o'er our heads, Or be our wind-ing sheet: And
 We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. J. F. Atwill, 201 Broadway, for permission to publish this beautiful melody.

For.

em-blem of peace and hope to the world, Un-stained let it ev - er be; And
 em-blem of hope to the poor and lost, O place it where all may see; And
For.

nev - er, oh, nev - er be it furled, Till it wave o'er earth and sea; And

FF.

say to the world, where - e'er it waves, Our flag is the flag of the free!
 shout with glad voice as you raise it high, Our flag is the flag of the free!

FF.

all man-kind shall swell the shout, Our flag is the flag of the free!

OFT AT THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

Words by J. H. A.

Oft in the stilly morn.

1. Oft at the twi-light hour, Ere slum-ber's chains have bound me, Mem - 'ry with

2. Oh, I have thought of those Whose youth was bright with glad - ness, O'er whom at

si - lent power, Brings childhood's friends around me, They seem to tread, The ear - ly dead, A

life's sad close, Were wept no tears of sad - ness; They gai - ly laughed, And blind-ly quaffed, And

D. C.

D. C.

THE FIREMAN'S SONG.

Tune.—*Maltese Boatman's Song.*

1. Hark, brothers! hark to the startling cry
See the crackling flames rise high;
Hark! how the cry of dread and fear
Sadly falls upon the ear:
Then on to the rescue with speed we will go,
And on the flames cold water will throw;
Then on my boys the flames rise higher,
And louder sounds the startling cry of fire.

2. See, brothers, see, the flames are o'er,
Wait the command, we shall work no more,
Hark how the welcome sound now comes,
Take up your hope and return to your homes,
Then haste let us speed, no more will we stay,
The trumpet sounds, the command we obey,
Our toil and labor being done.
How sweet the fireman's welcome home,

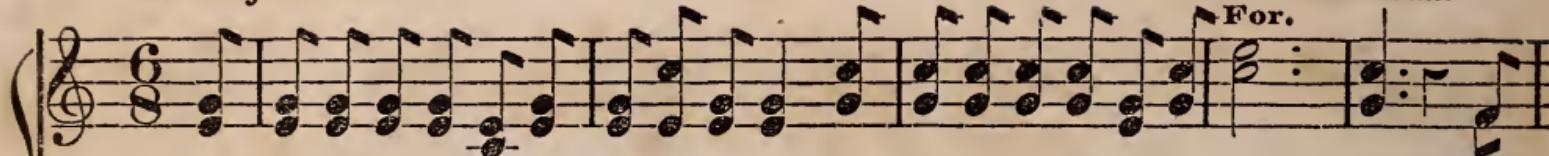
J. H. A

SONG OF THE FREE.

*Words by J. H. A.**Lutzow's Wild Hunt.*

For.

Pia.



1. From valley and mountain, from hill-top and glen, What shouts through the air are rebounding; And
 2. And who through our nation is waging the fight, What host from the bat-tle is fly - ing: Our

For.

Pia.



3. Too long has the mon-ster triumphantly reigned, Too long in his chains has enslaved us; To
 4. From valley and mountain, from hill-top and glen, What shouts through the air are rebounding; And



echo is sending the sounds back again, And loud thro' the air they are sounding, And loud thro' the air they are
 true-hearted freemen maintain the right, And the monster intemp'rance is dying, And the monster intemp'rance is



freedom awaking, no longer enchain'd, The goddess of temp'rance has saved us, The goddess of temp'rance has
 echo is sending the sounds back again, And loud thro' the air they are sounding, And loud thro' the air they are

SONG OF THE FREE. *Concluded.*

21

sound - ing, And if you ask what those joy - ous strains. 'Tis
 dy - ing, And if you ask what you there be - hold, 'Tis

 FF. — .

 saved us, And if you ask what has made us free. 'Tis
 sound - ing, And if you ask what those joy - ous strains. 'Tis

FF.

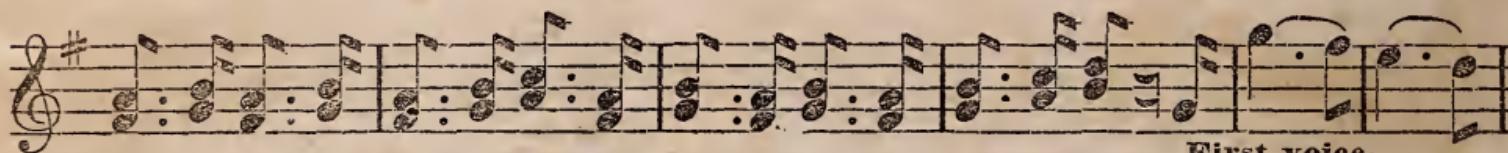
 the 'Tis the songs of bond-men now burst-ing their chains.
 the 'Tis the ar - my of temp'rance, the free and the bold.

 the 'Tis the pledge that gave us our lib - er - ty.
 the 'Tis the songs of bond-men now burst-ing their chains.

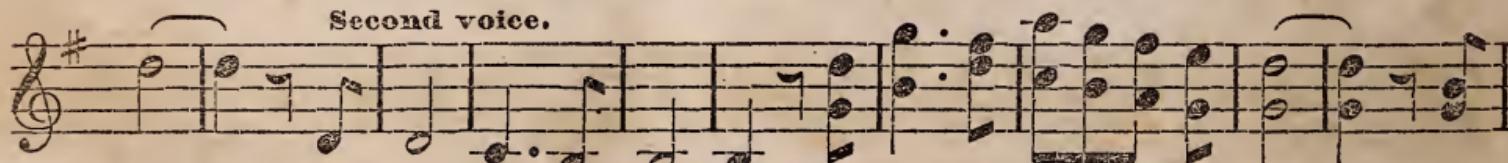
WITH HOPE AND PROSPECT BRIGHT AND CLEAR.

*Words by C. Missing.**All's Well.**Andante.*

With hope and prospects bright and clear, We start this world with nought to fear, At

*First voice.*

eve we go our friends to meet, With s'cial glass each oth - er greet; With so - - - cial

Second voice.

glass each oth - - - er greet; With so - - - - cial glass each

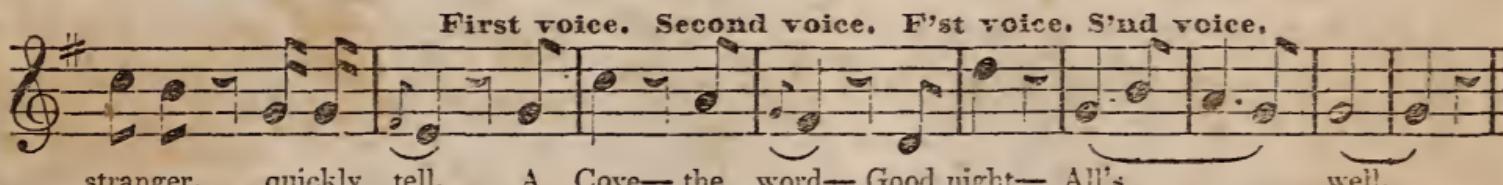
Allegro.

oth - - - er greet; And should a stranger cross our way In our revel-ry to him we'll say, In

WITH HOPE AND PROSPECT BRIGHT AND CLEAR. *Continued.* 23



our revelry to him we'll say, to him we'll say, Who goes there?



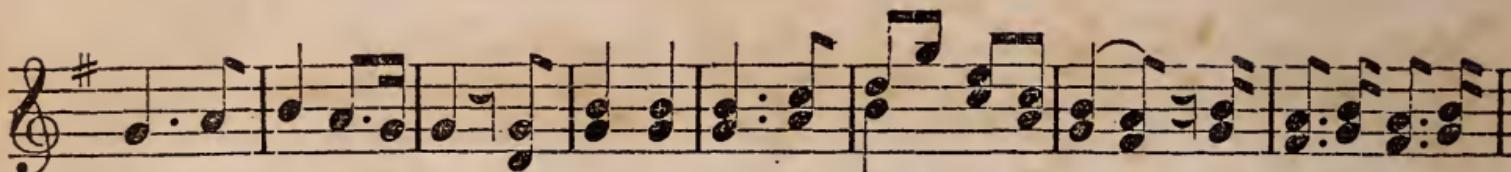
stranger, quickly tell, A Cove—the word—Good night—All's well.

First voice.

All's well. Good night. All's well. De - sert-ed

Second voice.

All's well. The word, All's well.

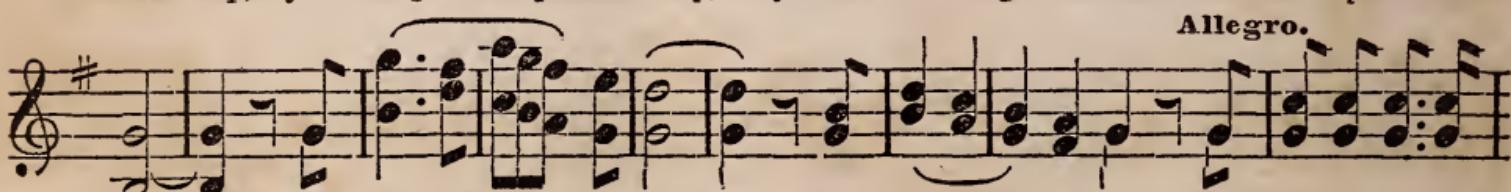


by the friends we loved, From home and kin - dred far re - moved, With rum our face is



bloated up, By tast-ing of the poisoned cup, By tast - ing of the poi s - oned

Allegro.



cup, By tast - - - ing of the poi s - oned cup, And whilst we think of



our career, Some well-known voice salutes our ear, Some well known voice salutes our sa-lutes our

WITH HOPE AND PROSPECT BRIGHT AND CLEAR. *Continued.* 25

Second voice.

ear, Will you sign, Drunkard, quickly tell—

First voice. Second voice. F'st voice.

I will— the word—Good night—

First Voice.

Adagio.

all's well Good night, all's well, all's - - - well.

Second Voice.

all's well, all's well, the word— all's well, all's well.

CEASE TO WEEP.

Words by J. H. A.

Go forget me.

1. Fath - er! who with sor - row bend - ing, Low be - neath thy weight of woe, And to Heaven thy

2. Moth - er! hast thou lost a daugh - ter, Has thy loved one gone a - stray; And for - got the

prayers are sending, Prayers that none but Heaven can know: Cease to weep! a bright - er morn - ing,
les - sons taught her In her child - hood's ear - ly day: Cease to weep! kind hearts are yearning,

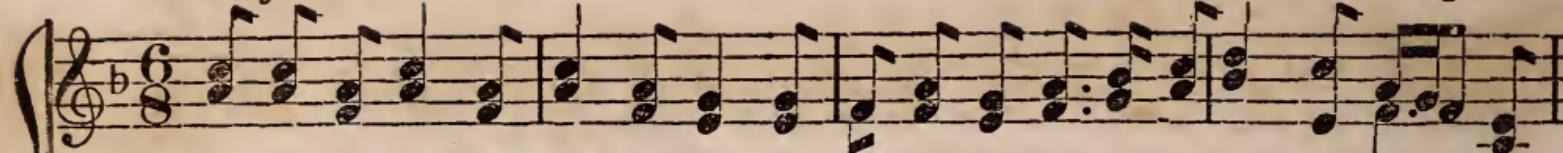
CEASE TO WEEP. *Concluded.*

27

2. Sister ! does thine idol brother,
 Clasp unto his heart the foe ?
Child ! hast thou a Father, Mother,
 Plunging thee in boundless woe ?
Cease to weep ! though dark the hour,
 Darker than the silent grave ;
Soon will burst the clouds that lower,
 Temp'rance will thy loved ones save.

3. Columbia ! so long lamenting,
 Thy brave sons and daughters slain ;
See the multitudes repenting,
 Haste to join the happy train.
Hail ! the richest, purest blessing,
 Sent to man to heal his woe,
Temp'rance, all thy joys possessing,
 We can wish no more below.

SING, SISTERS, SING.

*Words by J. H. A.**Canadian Boat Song.*

1. Sweetly each tune - ful voice we raise, And joy-ful - ly sing our temp'-rance lays, And
 2. Why should not woman's aid be given, To for-ward a cause that is blessed by Heaven, To



3. Come ye who have not joined our band, A - way from our side why fear - ful stand, A-



joy ful - ly sing our temp'-rance lays, Un - to the cause our aid we give, Then
 for-ward a cause that is blessed by Heaven; An - gels to aid it well might sing, Then

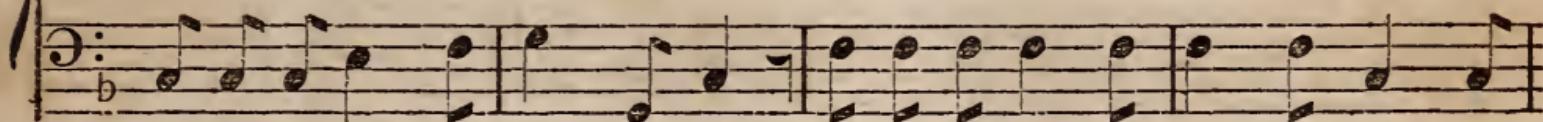
way from our side why fear - ful stand? Come join to aid the cause we love, And

SING, SISTERS, SING. *Concluded.*

29



brothers, though small, the gift re - ceive. Sing ! sis- ters, sing, the cause speeds fast, In- cheer-ful - ly we our songs will bring. Sing, &c.



sound forth its praise to realms a - bove. Sing, &c.



temp'-rance is fall - ing, all dan - gers past, In-temp'rance is fall - ing, all dan - ger's past.

THE PRAISE OF TEMPERANCE.

*Words composed for this work.**Glorious Apollo.*

1. God - dess of Temp'-rance, with thy smiles be-friend us,
While to thy

1. Heaven - ly in - struc - tor, with thy smiles be-friend us, While to thy

name we ded - i - cate our lays; In love and mer - cy from all ill de-

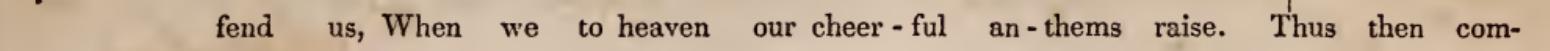
name we ded - i - cate our lays; In love and mer - - cy from all ill de-

THE PRAISE OF TEMPERANCE. *Continued.*

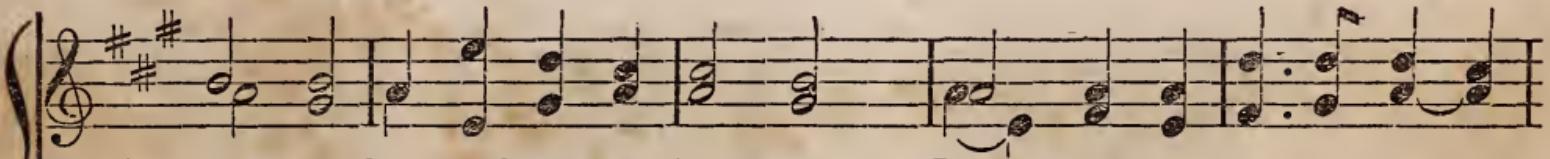
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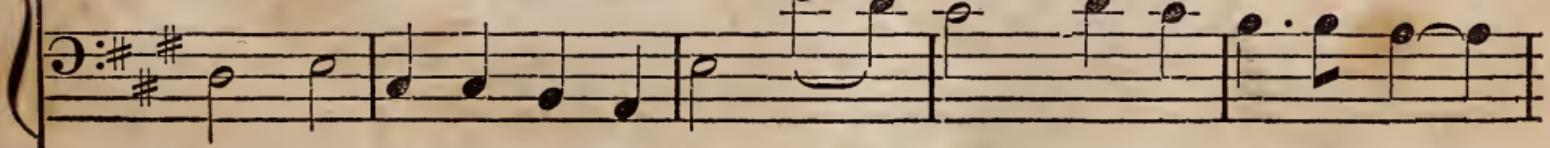
fend us, When we to temp'rance our cheerful an-thems raise. Thus then com-an - - - them



fend us, When we to heaven our cheer - ful an-thems raise. Thus then com-



bin - - ing, hearts with voi - ces join - - ing, Long may con - tin - ue our



bin - - ing, hearts with voi - ces join - - ing, Long may con - tin - ue our

THE PRAISE OF TEMPERANCE. *Continues*

uni - ty and joy, our uni - ty and joy, our uni - ty and
uni - ty and joy, our uni - ty and joy, our uni - ty and

joy, our uni - ty and joy, our uni - ty and joy.
joy, our uni - ty and joy, our uni - ty and joy.

OH DRUNKARD WHY LINGER.

Words by J. H. A.

Kathleen O'Moore.

33

1. Oh drunkard why linger in sorrow and pain, With thy spirit bound down with alcohol's chains,
2. Why longer the path of the inebriate tread? Oh hasten to flee ere -the arrow is sped,
3. Thy spirit is broken, thy friends are all gone, But we welcome thee brother, oh cease then to mourn.

Oh why art thou waiting thy friends are inviting, The pledge now come sign.
That plunges thy soul in e - terni-ty's sorrow, The pledge now come sign.
There is hope, there is joy, there is bliss in the promise, The pledge then come sign.

THE CHARIOT OF TEMPERANCE.

Words by J. H. A.

My lodging 's on the cold ground.

1. The cha - riot of temp' - rance is roll - ing a - long, Vic-

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. Both staves are in 6/8 time. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by an eighth note, then continues with a series of eighth notes and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "1. The cha - riot of temp' - rance is roll - ing a - long, Vic-" are written below the notes.

:S:

to - rious o'er earth and o'er sea; And the land that intemp'rance has
With shouts of re - joic - ing all

This section of the musical score begins with a repeat sign preceded by a double bar line. The vocal line continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "to - rious o'er earth and o'er sea; And the land that intemp'rance has With shouts of re - joic - ing all" are written below the notes. The music concludes with a final double bar line and repeat sign.

THE CHARIOT OF TEMPERANCE. *Continued.*

85

rul - ed so long, Re - joice that
wel - come the day, And the heavens a - gain they are free,
Base
re - ech - o the sound.

Dal Segno.
al - co - hol flees as it rolls on its way, Dis - pensing its blessings a - round;

2.

No more shall Columbia weep for the slain
 Borne down on intemperance's tide ;
 And no more shall we follow in sorrowful train
 Her sons who as drunkards have died.
 Oh no ! for the bright and the glorious car
 Of temperance is speeding its way ; [star
 And from north to the south they are hailing the
 That is shedding its beauteous ray.

'TIS SAID THAT WINE WILL CHEER THE HEART.

Air—'Tis said that absence conquers love.

BY J. H. A.

1 'Tis said that wine will cheer the heart,
 But oh believe it not ;
 Touch not the cup 'twill leave a smart
 Which cannot be forgot.
 The wine cup as it passes round,
 Is hailed with jovial cheer,
 But soon, alas, is changed the sound
 The smile becomes a tear.

2 Too many hearts have felt the sting,
 That lurks within the bowl ;

3.

Then rejoice ! then rejoice in a glorious strain,
 Join all, send the chorus around ;
 Let it echo from valley, from mountain and plain,
 Till from pole to pole it shall sound.
 Let the chariot of temp'rance triumphant roll on,
 Victorious o'er earth and o'er sea ;
 Till the curse of intemperance forever is gone,
 And the last poor inebriate is free.

And many hearts it yet will wring,
 Who heed not its control.
 But take the warning ere too late,
 And leave that cup of woe,
 And seek a better, happier fate
 Than wine can e'er bestow.

3 Nature has given in plenteous streams,
 The bev'rage of the rose,
 To drink the dew that on them gleams,
 The flow'rs their leaves unclose.
 Then why should ye not drink the same,
 And leave the ruby wine ;
 It will not rob thee of thy name,
 Nor leave thy heart to pine.

FAR O'ER HILL AND PLAIN.

37

Words by J. H. A.

Spanish Air.

1. Far, far o'er hill and plain, On the winds stealing, List to the happy strain,
 2. Long, long in bondage sore, 'Neath the ty - rant rum, Man now shall groan no more
 3. On, on, our cause is just, Triumph will be ours; Fall soon the tyrant must,

"Burst is the ty - rant's chain, Man now is free again."

Soon shall our ban - ners wave, Over the ty - rant's grave.

Join ev' - ry voice the sound, Till heaven and earth resound.

D. C.

Joyous - ly peal - ing; Hark, hark they seem to tell, As loud - er still they swell,
 Brighter days have come. Hark, hark, each passing breeze, Tells of new vic - to - ries;
 Lost all his pow'rs. Hark, hark, the joyous strain, Rings through the earth again,

D. C.

COME, BROTHERS, COME.

*Words by J. H. A.**Maltese Boatman's Song.*

1. Come, broth- ers come, join our no - ble band, Drive in-temp'-rance from the land;

2. See how your old com - pan - ions die, Soon with them you too may lie;

Long un - der bond - age you have lain, Burst a - sun - der now the chain. Then

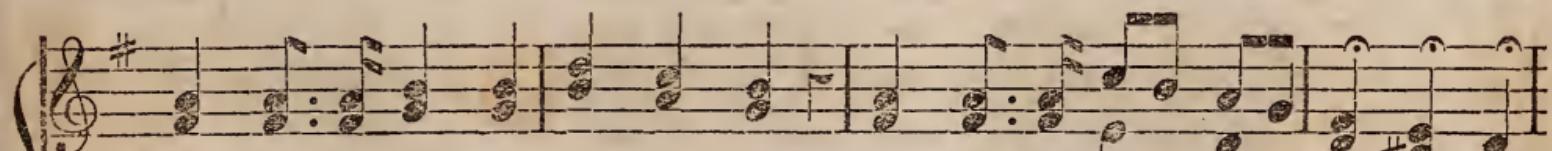
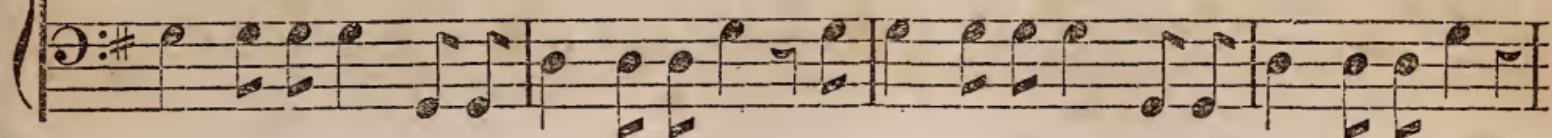
Friend - ship and love now loud - ly call Burst from al - co hol's dread thrall. Then

COME, BROTHERS, COME. *Continued.*

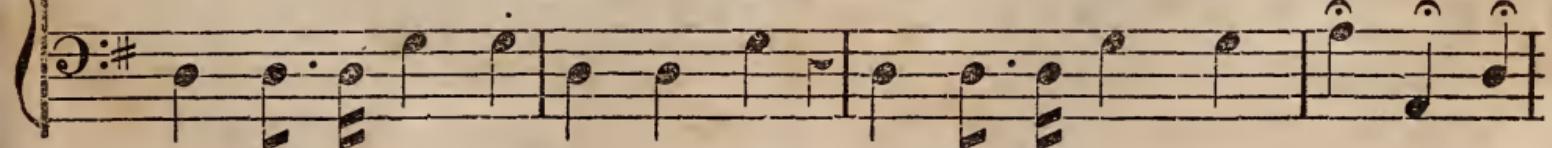
89



haste come and sign while of hope there's a ray. Re-mem-ber there's danger each moment you stay;



Then sign, and when all dan - ger's gone, How sweet will be your welcome home.



COME, BROTHERS, COME. *Concluded.*

FF.
Home, home, home, How sweet your welcome home, Sweet, oh sweet will be your welcome home.
PP.

For.
wel - come home,
Pia.
wel - come home,
FF.
wel - . . . - come
home.

Y PLEDGE.

Air—If thou wert by my side.

BY J. H. A.

- 1 At eve and morn I'll on it gaze,
That *pledge* of hope for me,
My voice shall ever sing its praise ;
For it has made me free.
I'll keep it as a treasure, far
Above earth's jewels bright,
And prize it as a polar star,
To guide my steps aright.
- 2 I'll press it ever to my heart,
My best, my dearest friend ;

FRIEND OF MY BOYHOOD.

Air—Bird of the green wood.

BY J. H. A.

- 1 Friend of my boyhood ! oh touch not the bowl,
Death's hidden in it, death to thy soul :
Why 'mid the snares of intemperance stay,
Friend of my boyhood, away, away.
- 2 Midst the intemp'rate thy place should not be,
She whom thou lovest is waiting for thee ;

From there it never shall depart
Till life itself shall end.

That *holy pledge* had pow'r to save
When almost in the tomb :

It saved me from a drunkard's grave,
And from a drunkard's doom.

- 3 I love that pledge, and none shall dare
To take it from my side ;
In life 'twill ever be my care,
My hope, my joy and pride.
And on the ever-blooming plains
Its praises I will ring,
In loud and sweet angelic strains,
THE PLEDGE, THE PLEDGE I'll sing.

Weeping at midnight for thee she does pray,
Friend of my boyhood, away, away.

- 3 Or art thou seeking the pleasures of life,
Thou wilt not find them in drinking and strife ;
Midst the intemperate why then delay,
Friend of my boyhood, away, away.

- 4 Sorrow and mourning and death come fast,
A life filled with pleasure long will not last ;
Thou canst not fly if much longer you stay,
Friend of my boyhood, oh then turn away.

OH COME TO THE FOUNTAIN OF PLEASURE.

Words by J. H. A.

A place in thy memory dearest.

Oh come to the fountain of pleasures,
Earth has not a - mid all its treasures,

From sorrow now flee,
A gift so large and free

Its



virtues will ne'er deceive thee.
Nor rob thee of joy or home;

Of



OH COME TO THE FOUNTAIN OF PLEASURE. *Continued.*

43

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major (two sharps) and the bottom staff is in C major (one sharp). The lyrics "hope it will ne'er bereave thee, Oh then to the fountain come." are written below the notes. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each.

hope it will ne'er bereave thee, Oh then to the fountain come.

2.

The pleasures of wine are deceiving,
And bring nought but woe;
And they who trust in them believing,
Their mis'ry will know.
The present with joy may be shining,
With pleasure each moment be bright;
And round thee sweet flowers entwining,
But the future is dark as night.

3.

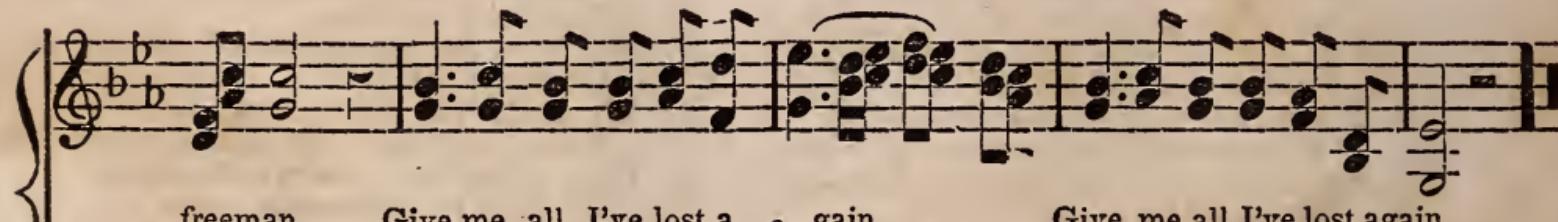
Then burst from the chains that now hold thee,
Nor linger and stay,
And haste e'er the serpent enfold thee,
Oh hasten away.
We gladly will welcome you brothers,
From the paths where in sorrow you roam;
Come sisters and fathers and mothers
Oh come to the fountain, come.

THE DRUNKARD'S SONG OF HOME.

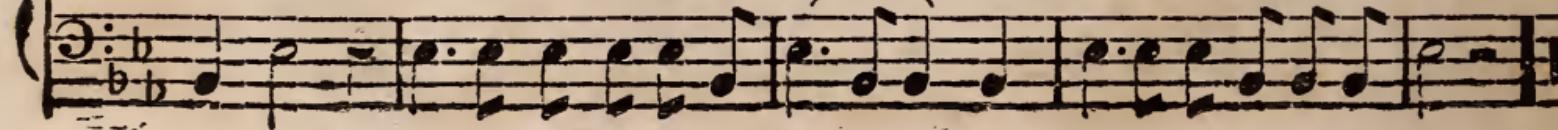
Words by J. H. A.

Switzer's Song of Home.

Where, oh where thou worse than demon, Where are all the friends thou'st slain, Oh make me once again a



freeman, Give me all I've lost a - gain, Give me all I've lost again.



THE DRUNKARDS SONG OF HOME. *Continued.*

45

2 Give me back my gentle mother;
 No ! to me she ne'er will come,
Give me my sister and my brother,
 Give, oh give me back my home.

3 Thou hast stolen every treasure,
 Robbed me of my dearest friends :
Too long o'er me hast ruled with pleasure,
 Now thy power ever ends.

4 Every joy and hope thou'st taken,
 Lonely o'er the earth I roam ;
By friends and kindred all forsaken
 Fast I seek my silent home.

5 Still while life is yet remaining,
 Thou thy power shalt ne'er resume,
For thou again thy might obtaining
 Wouldst plunge me into endless doom.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

Air... Tyrolese Song of Liberty.

BY J. H. A.

1 Merrily every bosom boundeth,
 Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !
Where the song of temperance soundeth,
 Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !
 There the hours fly
 Without measure ;
 There each maiden's eye
 Shines with pleasure—
Every joy the place surroundeth,
 Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !

2 Wearily every bosom sigheth,
 Wearily, oh ! wearily, oh !
Where intemprance's victim lieth,

Wearily, oh ! wearily, oh !
 There the hours creep,
 Without gladness ;
 There the maidens weep
 Tears of sadness—

Every joy and pleasure flyeth,
 Wearily, oh ! wearily, oh !

3 Cheerily then from hill and valley,
 Cheerily, oh ! cheerily, oh !
Like your native fountains, rally,
 Cheerily, oh ! cheerily, oh !
 Nerve each manly arm,
 With each brave heart ;
 Bring each maiden's charm,
 Bear all a part—
Round the flag of temperance rally,
 Cheerily, oh ! cheerily, oh !

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Words by J. H. A.

Arranged

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, common time, and has a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef, common time, and also has a key signature of one flat. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like a half note. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "Life let us che - rish While yet the ta - per glows, Touch not the deadly draught or it will close. The bird on water gaily sings, His onward course he lightly wings, The". The second section of lyrics continues from the end of the first: "or it will close. The bird on water gaily sings, His onward course he lightly wings, The".

rose on wa - ter up - ward springs, Let life be then as gay.

D. C.

2 Hope let us cherish, while yet our life shall last,
 E'en till our life shall close hope is not past;
 The sun shall set at close of day,
 The flowers in winter die away
 At morn and spring they are as gay ;
 Let hope be then as bright.

3 Joy let us cherish, till life with us is o'er,
 But not the drunkard's joys, they mis'ry pour ;
 In vain the drunkard seeks for bliss,
 This life to him deep sorrow is,
 The next is worse, far worse than this,
 Such joys we ne'er will seek.

GO, GO, THOU THAT ENSLAV'ST ME.

Words by J. H. A.

Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom.

1. Go, go, thou that en - slav'st me, Now, now, thy pow - er is o'er;

2. Thou, thou, bring - est me ev - - er Deep, deep, sor - row and pain;

Long, long, have I o - obeyed thee, Now I'll not drink a - ny more.

Then, then, from thes I'll serv - er, Now I'll not serve thee a - gain

GO, GO, THOU THAT ENSLAV'ST ME. *Concluded.*

49

No, no, no, no, Now I'll not drink a - ny more.

No, no, no, no, Now I'll not serve thee a - gain

3. Rum, rum, thou hast bereft me,
Home, friends, pleasures so sweet,
Now, now, forever I've left thee,
Thou and I never shall meet.
 No, no, no, no,
 Thou and I never shall meet.

4. Joys, joys, bright as the morning,
Now, now, on me will pour;
Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning,
Now I'll not drink any more.
 No, no, no, no.
 Now I'll not drink any more.

COME AWAY.

*Words by J. H. A.**Merry Swiss Boy.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is in C clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of zero sharps or flats. The bottom staff is in F clef, 6/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staff lines. The first two lines of lyrics are: "Come a - way, come away to the temp'rance hall, Where the hours glide along merrily, There". The third line of lyrics is: "cheer - ful hearts with plea - sure glow, And joy - ous still no sor - row know. Will you". The title "COME AWAY." is centered at the top of the page, and the author's name "Words by J. H. A." is located above the first staff. The publisher's name "Merry Swiss Boy." is placed above the third staff.

COME AWAY. *Continued.*

51

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves feature a series of eighth notes and sixteenth notes, with vertical bar lines dividing measures. The lyrics are written in a cursive font below the notes:

come, will you come to the temp'rance hall, Where the hours glide a - long merrily.

2 Come away, come away from the halls of mirth,
Where the sons of intemperance stay;
For though the red wine brightly flows,
It brings a train of deadly woes. [mirth,
Will you come, will you come from the halls of
Where the sons of intemperance stay.

3 Come away, come away to thy wretched home,
To thy wife poor inebriate come,
She burns the midnight lamp for thee,
And sheds her tears of agony : [home,
Will you come, will you come to thy wretched
To thy wife poor inebriate come.

TEMPERANCE FAME.

Written and sung by Ossian E. Dodge.

There is no home like my own.

1. All hail this night the cause we'll sing, Of the temp'rance fame, proud



2. Proudly waves our flag o'er the temp'rance band, For 'tis our pride, by each

3. When the war is o'er, and the vict - 'ry wen, Without care or strife, we'll



be the name, May it cause the temp'rance halls to ring, Tra la la la, la la la, la la



oth-ers side, To see that our ban - ner waves o'er the land,
pass our life And happy we'll be at our temp'rance home,

3

TEMPERANCE FAME. *Continued.*

53

la. We'll give our hand to the temp - 'rance band, And all hearts to re-
help the cause of the temp - 'rance boys, And spread our temp - 'rance

Let us all u - nite in the glo - rious fight, To turn all the to-pers from
when they re-form from drink - ing rum, To the temp - 'rance halls they'll
It shall be our de - light as we pass each night, While we all are sing - ing with
talk of the wars in the temp - 'rance cause, And tell of our vic - to-

1 2

joyce, We'll joys, All hail this night the cause we'll sing, Of the

rum, And come, All hail, &c. All hail, &c.

glee, To rv, All hail, &c. All hail, &c.

TEMPERANCE FAME. *Continued.*

A musical score for two voices. The top voice (soprano) starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "temprance fame, proud be the name, May it cause the temp'rance halls to ring, tra la la". The bottom voice (bass) starts with an bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each.

A musical score for two voices continuing from the previous system. The top voice (soprano) starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "la, la la la, la la la, Tra la la la, la la la, la la la la.". The bottom voice (bass) starts with an bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each.

COME FRIENDS AND BRETHREN.

J. H. A. 55

Come friends and brethren ere we part,
Join in our choral song,
With one united voice and heart
The joyous sound prolong,
Oh sing with hearty cheer my friends,
Oh sing with hearty cheer,
And send the chorus round and round.
In songs of hearty cheer.

We'll give one song of praise to those
Whom brothers now we call ;
Then to our brethren ere we close
We sing a welcome all.
Oh sing with, &c.

To sisters who have joined our band,
We sing a song to-night ;
We welcome you with heart and hand
To aid us in the fight.
Oh sing with, &c.

To all who kindly help us on,
Sweet strains of joy we sing ;
But still we give to God alone
Our loudest songs of praise.
Oh sing with, &c.

Now raise once more the cheerful song,
Let every voice unite ;
The loud and happy strain prolong,
One joyous, sweet, good night
Oh sing with, &c.

MY PLEDGE IT IS OF THEE.

(*Parody.*) *Tune, America.*

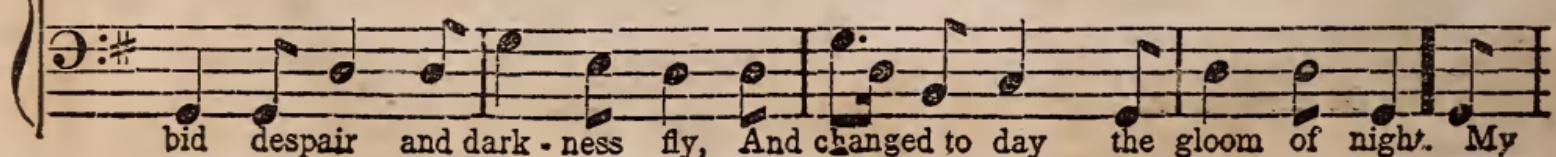
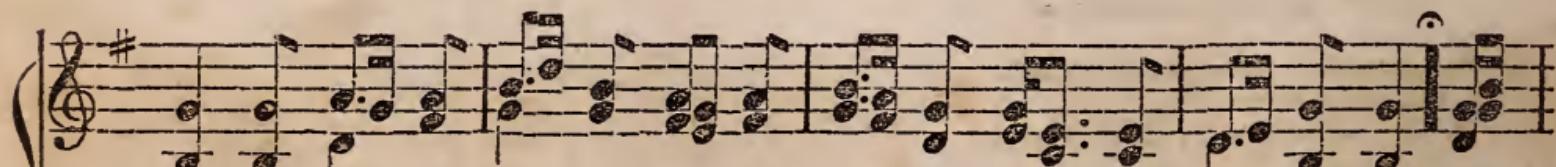
My pledge ! it is of thee,
Sweet vow of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
But for thy help I'd died ;
Thou art my hope and guide ;
From ev'ry mountain side,
Thy praises ring.

Joy of our country ! thee,
Hope of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Guide us above.

THE STAR OF TEMPERANCE.

Words by J. H. A.

Air—Bonny Doon.



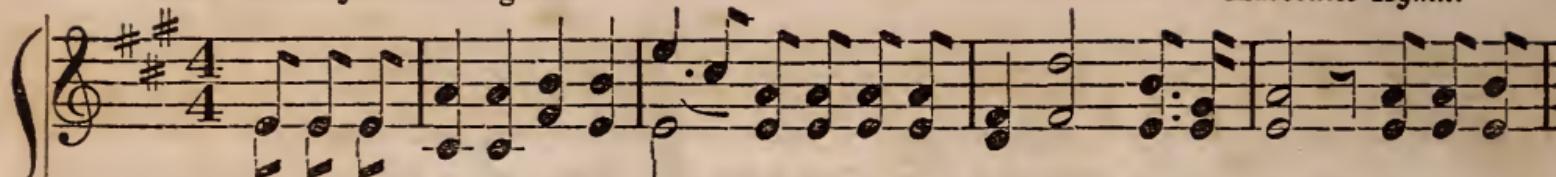
THE STAR OF TEMPERANCE. *Continued.*

57

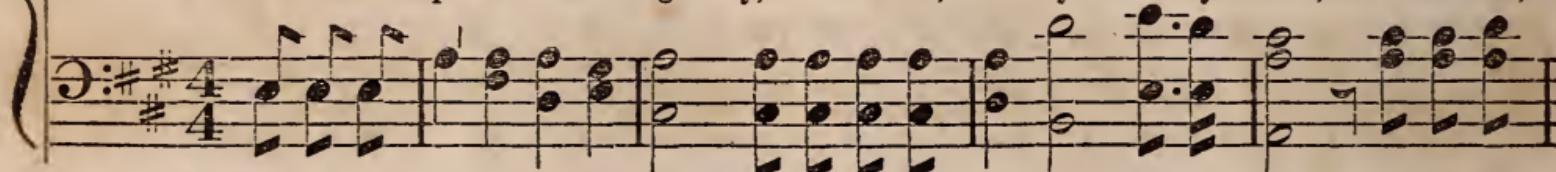
on my path there gleam'd a star, That woke me from my hor - rid trance; And
friends re - joice that I am free, Hope beams in ev' - ry coun - ten-ance; I'll

scat - tered all my gloom a - far, It was the star of tem - per - ance.
sound its praise o'er earth and sea, The star, the star of tem - per - ance.

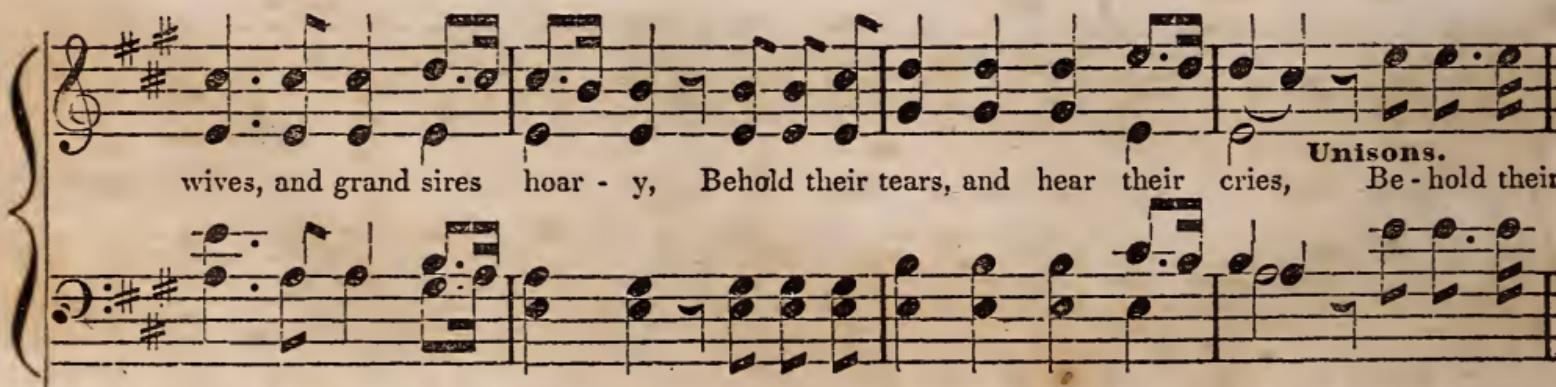
YE SONS OF TEMP'RANCE.

*Words altered from the original.**Marseilles Hymn.*

1. Ye sons of temp'rance wake to glo - ry, Hark ! hark, what myriads bid you rise, Your children,



2. Oh Temperance, can man resign thee, Once having signed the glo-rious deed ? Not myriad



wives, and grand sires hoar - y, Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Be - hold their **Unisons.**

hosts shall e'er con - fine thee, From pole to far - thest pole thou'l spread From pole to

YE SONS OF TEMP'RANCE. *Continued.*

59

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff is for the soprano voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass voice. The piano accompaniment is provided by the left hand. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics describe the suffering caused by alcohol and the resulting social strife.

tears, and hear their cries, Shall al - co - hol, foul mis - chief breed - ing, With hire-ling
far- thest pole thou'l spread, Too long our coun - try wept be - wail - ing, Her no - ble

A continuation of the musical score from the previous page. The soprano and bass voices continue their parts, and the piano accompaniment is provided by the left hand. The lyrics describe the revolution that overthrew the tyrant's rule.

host, a ruf - fian band, Spread tears and mis - 'ry o'er the land, While
sons and daugh - ters slain, But now is burst the ty - rant's chain, And

YE SONS OF TEMP'RANCE. *Continued.*

Unisons.

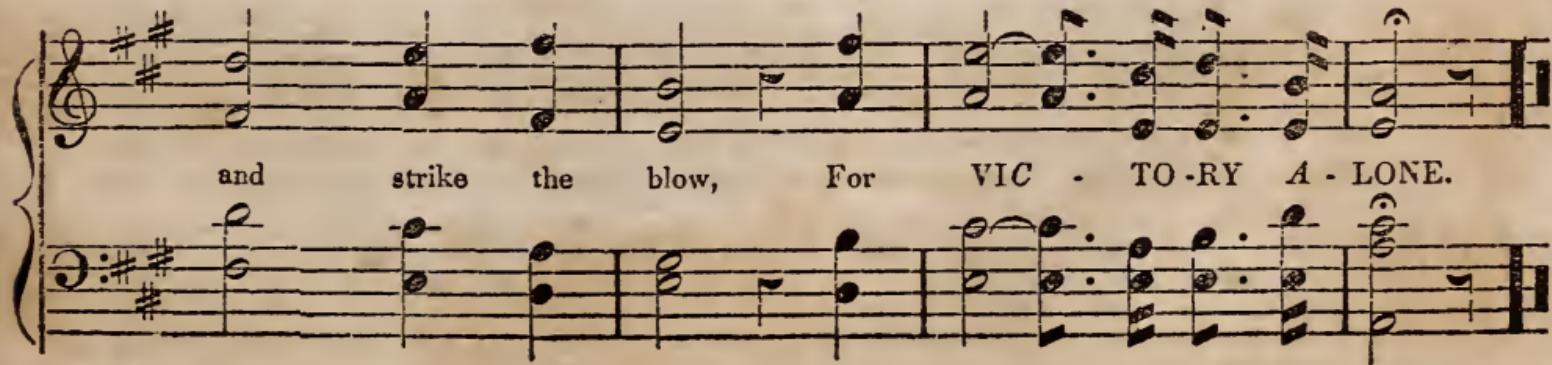
peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing, To arms! to arms! and hurl The
 all his arts are un - a - vail - ing, To arms! &c.

mon - ster from his throne, March on, march on, all hearts re-

YE SONS OF TEMP'RANCE. *Continued.*

61

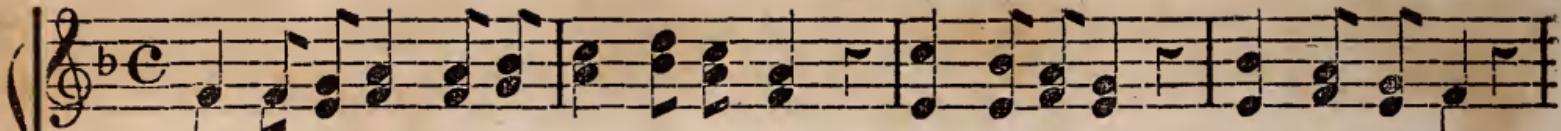
A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of six measures. The lyrics "solved, On vic - - to - ry a - lone March on, march on." are written below the notes. The melody is primarily eighth-note based, with some sixteenth-note patterns.



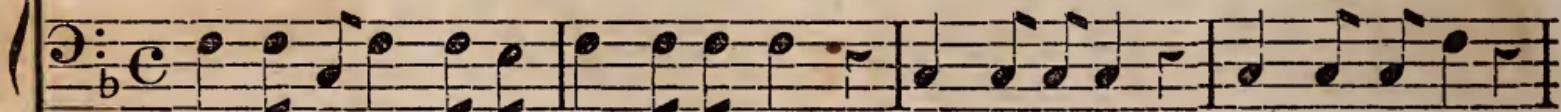
A musical score for two voices, continuing from the previous page. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of six measures. The lyrics "and strike the blow, For VIC - . TO - RY A - LONE." are written below the notes. The melody is primarily eighth-note based, with some sixteenth-note patterns.

TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

Words by J. H. A.

Long, long ago:

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;



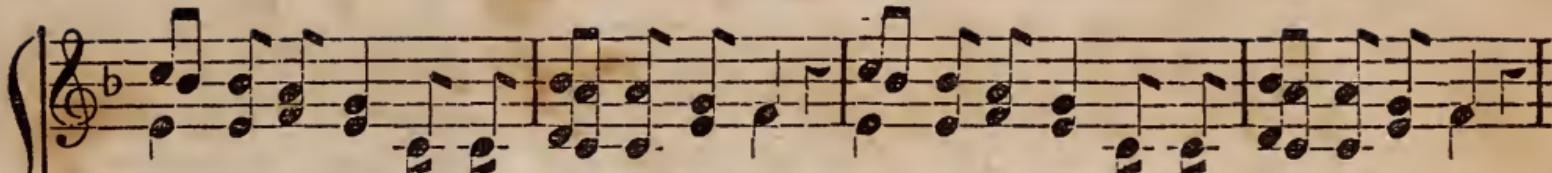
3. Touch not the cup, young man in thy pride, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
4. Touch not the cup, O drink not a drop, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;



Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl, Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Though like the ruby it shines in the light, Touch not the cup, touch it not.



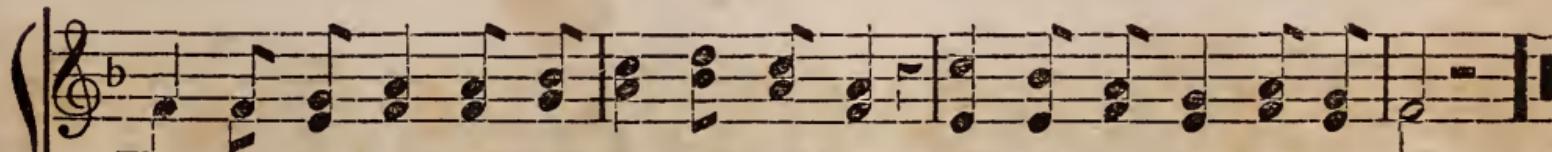
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died, Touch not the cup, touch it not.
All that thou lovest en - treat thee to stop, Touch not the cup, touch it not.



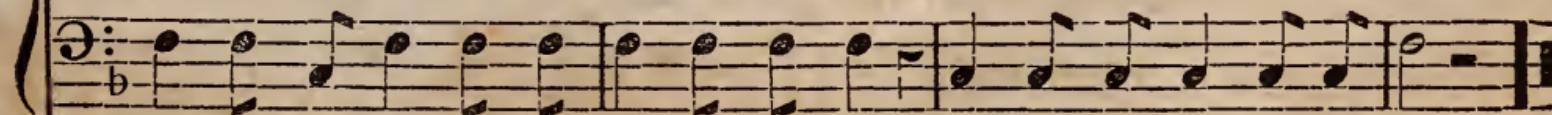
Lit - tle they thought that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare
The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deeply the poison will en - ter thy soul,



Go to their lonely and des - o - late tomb, Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,
Stop! for the home that to thee is so near, Stop! for thy friends that to thee are so dear,



Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, beware, Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control, Touch not the cup, touch it not.



Think, that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom, Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop, for thy country, the God that you fear, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

THE REASON WHY.*

E.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

1. I saw a lit-tle girl, With half un-cov-ered form, And wondered why she

wandered thus, Amid the winter storm; They said her mother drank of that, Which took her sense a-

THE REASON WHY. *Continued.*

65

way, And so she let her children go Hungry and cold all day.

2 I saw them lead a man
To prison for his crime,
Where solitude and punishment,
And toil divide the time;
And as they forced him through its gate
Unwillingly along,
They told me 'twas intemperance
That made him do the wrong.

3 I saw a woman weep,
As if her heart would break;
They said her husband drank too much
Of what he should not take;

I saw an unfrequented mound,
Where weeds and brambles wave,
They said no tear had fallen there,
It was a drunkard's grave.

4 They said these were not all
The risk th'intemperate run;
For there was danger lest the soul
Be evermore undone;
Since water then is pure and sweet,
And beautiful to see,
And since it cannot do us harm,
It is the drink for me.

COME FILL YOUR GOBLETS HIGH.

Words by J. H. A.

Hey down derry, 2d. part.

1. Come fill your gob - lets high, Drink from the glist -'ning stream. While swift the mo-ments
 2. Give us the wa - ter bright. The bev'rage of the flow'rs; Our hearts are gay and

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of common time. The lyrics are: "fly, light, And eyes with joy shall beam. Come beam. Wine hours. We". The bottom staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of common time. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords.

COME FILL YOUR GOBLETS HIGH. *Continued.*

67

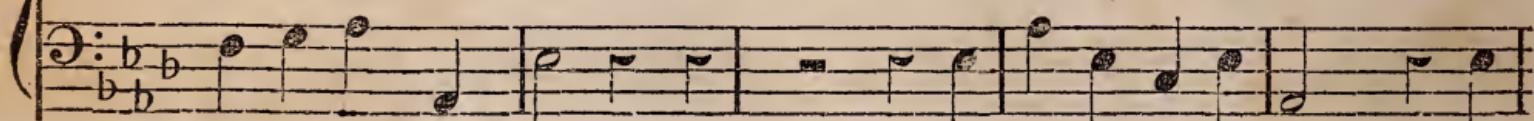
Brings a weight of woe,
know not care or fear,
To press up - on the mind,
Bright hope each heart sur-rounds,
In wa - ter bright we
While those we love are

Wine brings a weight of woe,
We know not care or fear,
up - on the mind, In wa - ter bright we
each heart surrounds, While those we love are

know, No sor - row we shall find. Then fill your gob - lets high, Drink
near, The bliss - ful mo - ment bounds, Give us the wa - ter bright, The

COME FILL YOUR GOBLETS HIGH. *Continuea.*

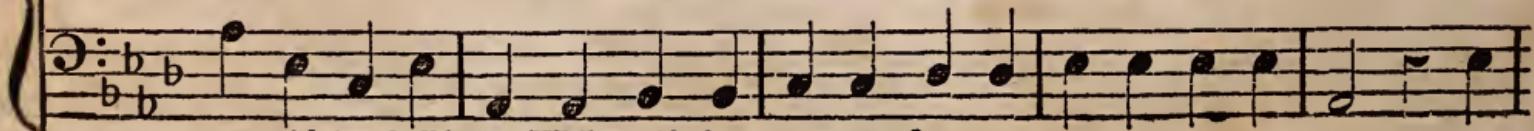
from the glist'-ning stream, While swift the mo-ments fly,
bev'-rage of the flow'rs; Our hearts are gay and bright, And eyes with joy shall
And joy - ous pass the



While swift the mo-ments fly, And
Our hearts are gay and bright, And



beam, While swift the mo-ments fly, And eyes with joy shall beam. While
hours, Our hearts are gay and light And joy - ous pass the hours. Our



eyes with joy shall beam, While swift the mo-ments fly,
joy - ous pass the hours, Our hearts are gay and light,

3*

swift the moments fly,
hearts are gay and light,
And eyes with joy shall beam.
And joy - ous pass the hours.

Wine beam.
We hours.

HASTE YE TO THE TEMP'RANCE MEETING.

Tune.—*Near the Lake.*

1. Haste ye to the temp'rance meeting,
Leave the bright wine;
Hearts and voices are entreating
The pledge come sign.
Friends and kindred all uniting,
Call on thee now;
Home and all its joys inviting,
Come sign the vow.
2. Joyous eyes on thee are glancing,
How can'st thou stay?
Hearts with hope are gaily dancing,
Come, come away.

Shame and sorrow may befall thee,

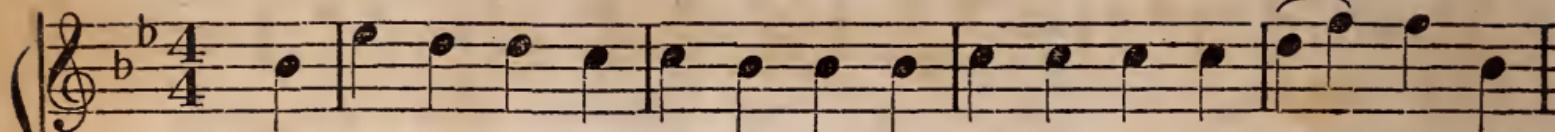
If you refuse;
Then while all so kindly call thee,
Why longer choose.

3. Join ye in our happy chorus,
Sound it again;
Heav'n is kindly smiling o'er us,
Blessing the strain.
Sing the joyous song forever,
Send, send it round;
Shall it cease? oh never, never,
Join all the sound.

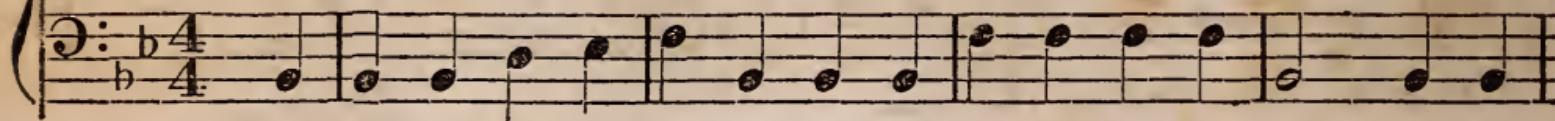
J. H. A

CHEER UP MY LIVELY LADS.

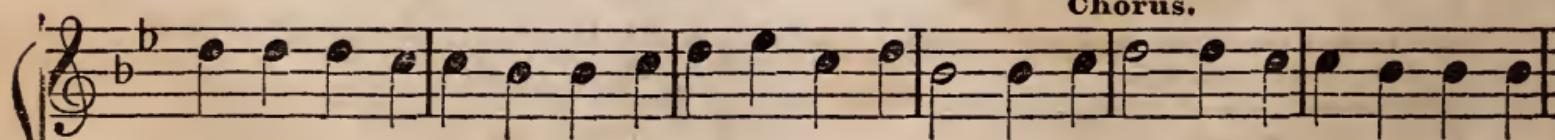
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Familiar Air.

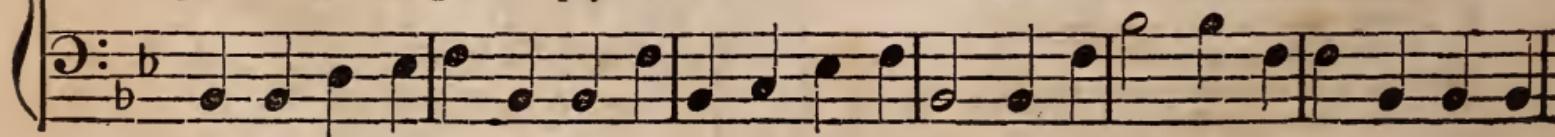
1. Oh what has made the grog men sigh, And sad - ly hang so low their heads ; Their
 2. They say that eve - ry dog's his day, And they've had theirs and more be - side ; I



3. But now I think we'll take our turn, And as they of - ten made us blue, Their
 4. Hur - rah my lads we're com - ing on, They're shak-ing now with - in their shoes, The

Chorus.

cus - tom - ers no more will buy, And al-co - hol is almost dead. Then cheer up my lively lads, In
 guess the sun for-got to pay His vis - it round the other side. Then cheer &c.



Bran-dy, Rum and Gin we'll burn, And see if that won't look so too. Then cheer &c.
 rum heads now most all are gone, They soon will have no more to lose. Then cheer &c.

CHEER UP MY LIVELY LADS.

Concluded.

spite of all rum's powers; Cheer up my live - ly lads, The victory'll soon be ours.

5 We're building forts all round the town,
And guns in plenty we have got;
We'll batter all the rum holes down,
For only turn coats aim the shot.—*Then cheer.*

6 Then shout my lads, give three loud cheers,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, away;
The rascal's dead, we'll shed some tears,
But that we'll do some other day.—*Then cheer.*

7 The ladies all will to a man,
Turn out and help us onward too;

And every one do all she can,
To help the noble cause quite through.—*Then,*

8 The grog men think that we are weak,
And that our feeble bands are few,
In thunder tones we soon will speak,
Ten thousand in each hardy crew.—*Then cheer*

9 They've stood their ground quite long enough,
Now corporal gin and captain rum
And every other nasty stuff,
Will shortly have to cut and run.—*Then cheer.*

INDEX.

Cease to weep,— <i>Go forget me,</i>	26	*O swiftly speeds the cause we love,— <i>Bonny boat,</i>	13
Cheer up my lively lais		Oft at the twilight hour,— <i>Oft in the stilly night,</i>	18
Come, brothers, come,— <i>Maltese Boatmans Song,</i>	38	Oh, Drunkard, why linger,— <i>Kathleen O'Moore,</i>	33
Come away,— <i>Merry Swiss Boy,</i>	50	Oh, come to the Fountain of pleasure,— <i>A place</i> <i>in thy memory dearest,</i>	42
*Come, friends and brethren,— <i>Auld Lang Syne,</i>	55	Our Flag,— <i>Carrier Dove,</i>	16
Come fill your goblets,— <i>Hey down derry, 2d part,</i>	66	Our name,— <i>Friendship,</i>	11
Drunkard's song of home,— <i>Switzer's song of home,</i>	44	Sing sisters, sing,— <i>Canadian boat song,</i>	28
Far, far o'er hill and plain,— <i>Far o'er hill and dell,</i>	37	Song of the Free,— <i>Lutzow's Wild Hunt,</i>	20
*Friend of my boyhood,— <i>Bird of the Greenwood,</i>	41	Sweet, oh sweet are the sounds,— <i>Sweet, oh sweet</i> <i>are the joys,</i>	5
Go, go, thou that enslav'st me,— <i>Thou reignest in</i> <i>this bosom,</i>	43	The Chariot of Temp'rance— <i>My lodging is on</i> <i>the cold ground,</i>	34
*Haste ye to the Temp'rance meeting,— <i>Near the</i> <i>Lake,</i>	69	*The Fireman's song,— <i>Maltese Boatmans song,</i>	19
Life let us cherish,		The praise of Temperance,— <i>Glorious Apollo,</i>	30
Let the joys of youth appearing— <i>Here's a health</i> <i>to all good fasses,</i>	46	The reason Why,— <i>Original,</i>	64
*Merrily every bosom boundeth,— <i>Tyrolean song</i> <i>of Liberty,</i>	8	*Tis said that Wine,— <i>Tis said that absence,</i>	36
Mother, dry that flowing tear,— <i>Di tanti palpiti,</i>	45	The Star of Temperance,— <i>Bonny Doon,</i>	56
*My Pledge, it is to thee,— <i>America,</i>	12	Touch not the cup,— <i>Long, long ago,</i>	62
Now haste ye friends,— <i>Behold how brightly breaks</i> <i>the morning,</i>	55	With hope and prospect,— <i>All's Well,</i>	22
	14	Ye sons of Temperance,— <i>Marsell's Hymn,</i>	58

* Those marked with a star, thus, * are inserted without the music.







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